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Watson's Art Journal.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1868.

PUBLICATION OFFICE, CLINTON HALL, ASTOR PLACE, where all communications should be addressed, and where subscriptions and advertisements will be received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND OTHERS.—We shall be pleased to receive information from all parts of the country, on the active progress of the Arts of Music and Painting. We will pay especial attention to such information, and will duly chronicle all facts of interest. We invite all to communicate with us, with the assurance that such correspondence will meet with prompt and courteous consideration.

SCENE: THE GREEN ROOM AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Time: Present and Mediæval. Costumes: Eccentric. Dramatis Personæ: The Trovatorists.

Miss Azucena Phillips. Dear me! half-past 8, and the curtain not up yet! How well the public bear it! I should not be so patient.

Manrico Brignoli, Esq. (loftily.) Cosa è il pubblico? che si lascia lo aspectare finché sarò pronto io!

Mad. Leonora de la Grange. Ah, mon cher Manrico vous avez tort! on doit toujours cour-tiser son publique!

Il Conte di Orkunadini. Zere, zey 'ave play ze overtüre!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

Azucena. What a splendid house, and how pleased every one seems!

Manrico (superbly.) Cara Mecss Pheel-eeps, ho cantato io! basta!

Orkunadini. I ave sing also p'raps?

Leonora. Oui, Monsieur, et admirablement bien?

Orkunadini. Alla—raight! ah, what for zay make such much applausements?

Leonora. Ce sont pour cette chere créature la Pheelips!

Manrico (patronizingly.) Ella merta questi applausi, non canta male la cara Pheel-eeps! [Exit for scene, with his mother, who, how ever, look'd ten years younger than her son.]

A LITTLE LATER.

Azucena. I was certainly excessively pleased by my reception, and by the appreciation bestowed on my by-play where I recall the "blazing pyre." To my mind, it is a most appreciative house. (To *Leonora*.) You are in charming voice to-night, and look enchanting!

Leonora. Vous êtes trop aimable!

Manrico (indifferently.) Però, dicé la verità!

Orkunadini (entering.) Ave you 'ear ze grand encore zey give me for my song?

Manrico (coldly.) Si! Si, questa canzone viene sempre bissato!

Azucena (mischievously.) I hope the chorus have recovered from the terrible attack of "syncope" they had a short time ago.

Leonora. Oui et moi aussi, ils m'ont fait souffrir beaucoup!

Manrico (grandly.) Ah! non importa! i New Yorkesi non vengono in Teatro a sentire il coro! c'è un certo tenore che si chiama.

Tutti. Brignoli! Brignoli!

Manrico (complacently.) Grazie! Grazie! avete ragione amici!

Azucena. Oh, you conceited tenors. Do take this one on for the last scene, Count, and get him killed off immediately. [Exeunt.]

LAST SCENE. *Leonora* in black, in tears and white handkerchief, walking distressfully about, bearing much horticulture. *Manrico*, light as a zephyr and mad as a March hare, bearing ditto. Melancholy chorus in tower dolefully wailing *Manrico's Miserere*; but he would not die, and the curtain rose again to discover him as lively and animated as ever. In conclusion, this deponent testifieth that the band was, oh! so much too loud; that they and the chorus had direful twitching effects on his over sharp ears throughout the opera; and that, finally, with the exception of *Viardot Garcia*, *Miss Adelaide Phillips* is the best *Azucena* he has seen, though whatever character this artiste undertakes is so perfectly conceived and executed that the critic's occupation, like *Othello's*, is gone.

WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

The week at *Wallack's* has been signalized by the re-production of that stupid play, "Pauline," and in saying this, we can conceive no higher compliment to *Mr. Wallack* and his company, than to say that as bad as the play is, and as little interest as it has in its story, they made it acceptable to their audience, and held them to their seats to its close.

"Pauline" is a raw specimen of the sensational drama, beginning in a vampire style, with murder all through, and ending with a cold-blooded death. The principal character, *Count Horace*, by *Lester Wallack*, is unworthy his talent, and was not worth his shaving off those really good whiskers to do. We see no reason why a vampire should not wear whiskers, as well as any other man. *Miss Eytinge* made a dreary Pauline, and everybody else did all they could for the solemn churchyard production, which, notwithstanding its style, will, without doubt, attract audiences every time it is produced, though we do doubt whether it will really please the regular *Wallackian* audiences.

Just now, the sensation of the theatre line is *Maggie Mitchell*. This talented little lady is playing to jammed houses every night, and though she is running old pieces, she is *Maggie Mitchell*, and the public in recognizing that fact, do not seem to care what they see, in so long as they see *Maggie Mitchell*. She has passed the time of criticism, and stands to-day before the public as one of the few women of real genius on the stage. *Maggie Mitchell* has yet got her greatest triumphs to achieve, and these will be—however we may sneer at foreign opinion—on the European stage. Whenever she sees fit to make that European tour of which we have heard hints for the past two years, we predict for her one of the greatest successes ever achieved there, and that with all the memory of *Kate Bateman* and others.

Mr. J. W. Collier, who supports her, grows daily in the public estimation. He is a finished actor and gentleman, the latter that scarce commodity on the American stage, deserving notice by itself alone.

On Friday night, at the *New York Theatre*, *Mr. Theall*, the treasurer, had a complimentary benefit, which was a benefit in earnest. He well deserves all the attentions his friends can show him, if universal courtesy and attention to his duties are worth anything.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A LARGE AND INFLUENTIAL MEETING was recently held some miles above New York, presided over by *Professor Airy* and attended by numerous delegates from *Iceland*, *Frigidzon*, *North Poland*, *Snowy Zembia*, *Chilly* and other localities below Zero. *Professor Airy*, who appeared much inflated, was coldly received by the assembled winds; one rough old whirlwind from sea, however, stamping his snow-shoes and foaming with anger because he was not conducting the business of the meeting, accustomed as he was to *over-sea* matters in general. This blustering old gentleman being jeered down by some disreputable side winds—present without invitation—*Professor Airy* floated up and said: "He begged the meeting's pardon, but could the meeting oblige him with a pocket handkerchief? There was really such a draught that (sneeze,) that—in short—an immediate pocket handkerchief was necessary!" The article having been found, *Professor Airy* sneezed again, and said: "The snows, and the frosts, and the ices, and the winds, and congelation generally, had been called together over New York to have the question submitted to them, whether for the last two months New York had not had enough of them? (Loud groans.) He did not wish to bring the matter to a dispute with the gusty delegates present, for as they all knew '*de gustibus non est disputandum*.'" (Ho! ho! Hi! hi!—one pert little breeze, in a cocked hat with Five Points, exclaiming, "You be blow'd!") "He thought New York had had enough, and he might venture to assert that New York thought so too, not having seen its own face for weeks, and being thoroughly worn out with its elemental warfare! Could not the delegates go elsewhere?" Here a stormy discussion ensued, some of the delegates taking off their freeze jackets and pounding away liberally and indiscriminately among the company; many tons of snow being shed in the conflict and settling thickly on our already half-buried city! *Professor Airy* finding it impossible to quell the tumult, declared the meeting dissolved, and it has been dissolving ever since, as New York and the inhabitants thereof thoroughly and disagreeably know.

N. B.—Our reporter brings us in a bill of sixty-nine dollars for the hire of a balloon to attend the *above* meeting. Though we are willing to allow every reasonable expense and do disburse untold sums, for interesting news from all parts of the world and several other places, we struggled with this balloon item, giving our intrepid and aeronautic reporter to understand we were not *balloonatic* enough to pay his preposterous claim, but decidedly, though blandly, referred him to *Professor Airy* and the winds aforesaid.

Mr. George W. Morgan, the celebrated organist, seems to be ubiquitous, for we hear of him, seemingly, from all sections of the country at the same time—from *Albany*, *Philadelphia*, *Providence*, *Newark*, *Rhinebeck*, &c. Now he is opening a new great organ, and then he is dashing off on a grand piano, and yet every Sunday we find him the presiding genius of *Grace Church*, New York. How he manages to accomplish this is, we suppose, a secret of his own.

On Thursday evening, the 20th inst., *Mr. Morgan* will give a Concert at the Town Hall, Flushing, Long Island, on which occasion he will be assisted by *Mrs. Marie Abbott*, *Mr. I. B. Poznanski*, *Mr. Gustavus Hall*, *Mr.*